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BIOGRAPHY

OF

GENERAL LEWIS CASS.

INCLUDING

A VOICE FROM A FRIEND.

New York :

J. WINCHESTER, NEW WORLD PRESS, 30 ANN STREET.

SUN OFFICE, CORNER FULTON AND NASSAU : BURGESS & STRINGER, 222 BROADWAY : J. C. WAD-
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OF 518 PAGES, OCTAVO SIZE, ON NEW LONG-PRIMER TYPE,

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This splendid volume will embrace the most complete, perspicuous, and comprehensive History of Europe, during the stormy period from 1789 to 1815, which has ever been given to the world. It is a perfect abridgement of Alison—his errors excepted—in elegant language and clear style; and will prove far more acceptable to the general reader than the verbose original.

We need not say to those who have read Harper's edition of Alison, that it abounds with gross errors. These are, for the most part, copied *literatim et verbatim* from the English edition, which is so thick with them. They are of such a character as not only to impair the value of the work, but to render it, as a standard, in which minute accuracy is indispensable, almost worthless. In our abridged edition, every mistake even of the most trivial sort is corrected, and Mr. Alison is set right, not only with regard to the geography of places, but with regard to historical facts, which he has sometimes in the strangest manner perverted from their notorious bearing and character. Take, for example, his ignorant and prejudicial account of our war with Great Britain. Shall this be allowed to go abroad among the youth of America to damp their patriotism and chill their ardor?

The intelligent reader need not be informed that it has always been usual to issue Abridgements of very long and valuable histories; and that these abridgements, from their better adaptation to the mass, have often taken the place of the original works. In Harper's Family Library are found volumes of this kind.

We beg leave to assure our friends and the public, who ought to be our friends, that the book we shall give them, will be highly creditable both to the editor and publisher; and that it will contain *every fact and incident* detected by Alison, in as full, circumstantial and clear a manner as is necessary for the full satisfaction of the reader, whether he be old or young, learned or ignorant.

Among the many commendatory letters in reference to our proposed Abridgement of this great and faulty work, we refer with pleasure to one from no less distinguished a personage than the Hon. ROGER MINOR SHERMAN, of Connecticut. It is as follows, and singularly corroborative of the views which we a fortnight since, expressed on the subject:

FAIRFIELD, Conn., October 2, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR—I have taken all but two of the 16 numbers of Alison's history, and have read half of it. It is so filled with tedious and useless details as greatly to impair its value. The period it embraces is one of the most interesting in the annals of the human race, and all the important facts are given with fidelity. But the vast compilation of facts, which are neither interesting nor instructive, prevents its very general perusal.

"I was much gratified to find by the New World of September 23d, that 'Edward S. Gould, Esq.' had abridged the work, reducing it to one octavo volume. I will suspend my future attention to the copy which I now have, and await the arrival of the abridgement. A dollar is stated to be the price. I enclose that sum, and wish you would have the goodness to procure the volume for me, and send it by the first opportunity.

Very truly yours,

R. M. SHERMAN."

The capitals and italics in the foregoing letter are, of course, our own. We are proud to place the name of the venerated writer first among the purchasers of our work—a name dear to all lovers of learning and true patriots. Mr. Sherman's lofty standing and character are too well known to need the record of our pen; but as he is among the great men of a former generation, and has never mingled in the political contests of the day, there may be those who are not aware that he is the most eminent member of the bar in Connecticut, and for many years held the office of judge in the highest court of that State. Approval from such a source is highly gratifying, and counterbalances the false abuse of a thousand such interested parties as Harper and Brothers.

NEW YORK, October, 1843.

J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann-street.

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A VOICE FROM A FRIEND.

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1843.

BIOGRAPHY OF LEWIS CASS.

THE civil and military qualifications of Gen. Lewis Cass for the Presidency, and the distinguished services which he rendered his country, are briefly set forth in the following sketch, the greater part of which was written before Gen. Cass's name had been connected with the Presidential question. It may, therefore, be justly regarded as a tribute, which the impartial historian pays to the merits of a gallant soldier and distinguished statesman.

LEWIS CASS was born in Exeter, New-Hampshire. His ancestors were among the first settlers of that part of the country, and his father bore a commission in the revolutionary army, which he joined the day after the battle of Lexington, and in which he continued until the close of the war; having participated in the memorable battles of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Princeton, Trenton, Monmouth, and Germantown. He was afterward a major in Wayne's army. In 1799, he removed with his family to Marietta, but eventually settled at Wackalomoka, in the vicinity of Zanesville, in Ohio, where, after a life of honorable usefulness, he died in August, 1830.

His son, LEWIS CASS, was educated at the academy in Exeter, and studied law at Marietta, under the late Governor Meigs. He was admitted to the bar in 1802, and pursued the practice of his profession successfully during several years.

In 1806, he was elected a member of the Ohio Legislature. When the enterprise of Colonel Burr began to agitate the country, he was appointed on the committee to which the subject was referred, and drafted the law which enabled the local authorities to arrest the men and boats on their passage down the Ohio. This law, interposing the arm of the State, baffled a project which was generally believed to have been of a revolutionary character, and intended to divide the Western from the Eastern States. The same pen drafted the address to Mr. Jefferson, which unfolded the views of the Ohio Legislature on this momentous subject.

In 1807, Mr. Cass was appointed marshal of the State, which office he resigned in 1813. In 1812, he volunteered his services in the force which was called out to join the army under General William Hull, and marched to Dayton, where he was elected colonel of the 3rd regiment of Ohio volunteers. Having to break through an almost trackless wilderness, the army suffered much on its route to Detroit, and it was necessary

that the officers of the volunteers should be exemplars in fatigue and privations, lest the men, unused to military discipline, should turn back in discouragement. Colonel Cass was among the most urgent for an invasion of the Canadian province immediately after the army arrived at Detroit; but General Hull did not cross the river until after the lapse of several days, and thereby lost all the advantages of a prompt and decisive movement. The advanced detachment was commanded by Colonel Cass, and he was the first man who landed in arms on the enemy's shore, after the declaration of war. Colonel Cass soon dislodged the British posted at the bridge over the Canard's. There he maintained his ground, in expectation that the army would advance and follow up the success, by striking at Malden; but he was disappointed by the indecision of the general, who ordered the detachment to return.

In all the timorous and inefficient measures which followed, Colonel Cass had no responsible participation. His known disapprobation of the course pursued, made him an unwelcome counsellor at head-quarters. Colonel Cass immediately repaired to Washington, and made a report to Government. In the following spring he was exchanged, and appointed colonel of the 27th regiment of infantry, and soon after was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. He joined General Harrison at Seneca, and crossing Lake Erie with him, after Perry's victory, was present in the pursuit of Proctor, and participated in the triumph at the Moravian towns; on which occasion (though a senior officer) he accompanied Colonel Johnson's mounted regiment, in the charge which ended in the total route of the English army and their savage allies. The northwestern campaign being happily terminated, General Cass was left in command of Michigan, and the upper province of Canada. His head-quarters were at Detroit, and he thus became the military guardian of a people over whom he was soon (October 9, 1813,) called to preside as civil governor. In July, 1814, he was associated with General Harrison in a commission to treat (at Greenville, Ohio,) with the Indians who had taken part against the United States during the war. A treaty of pacification was formed, comparative tranquillity was restored to the frontiers, and a large body of Indians accompanied Governor Cass to Detroit as auxiliaries. At one period, Michigan was left with only one company of regular soldiers for its defence; and that, at the time, consisted of twenty-seven men. With this inadequate force, and the local militia, the governor was, for a time, left to defend the territory against the hostile Indians, who were constantly hovering around Detroit.

In 1815, after the termination of the war, Governor Cass moved his family to Detroit. Michigan had suffered greatly during the war; Detroit exhibited a scene of devastation. Scarcely a family, when it resumed its domestic establishment, found more than the remnants of former wealth and comforts. Laws had become silent, and morals had suffered in the general wreck; and it required great prudence and an uncommon share of practical wisdom, to lead back a people thus disorganized, to habits of industry and order. The civil government was established, and such laws enacted as could be most easily carried into effect. The legislative power being placed in the hands of the governor and judges, rendered it a delicate task to aid in the enactment of laws which were to be enforced by the same will; but it was performed with decision and enlightened discrimination.

The Indian relations were likewise to be adjusted throughout the western frontier; war had ruptured or weakened every tie which had previously connected the tribes with our Government. By decisive, but kind measures, the hollow truce which alone existed, was converted into a permanent peace; and they returned, by degrees, to their hunting grounds and usual places of resort, with a general disposition to live in amity and quiet.

During the same year, Governor Cass was associated with General McArthur to treat with the Indians at Fort Meigs. The northwestern part of Ohio was acquired at this time. The following year he was engaged in the same duty at St. Mary's, to carry into effect, with certain modifications, the treaty of Fort Meigs, and for the acquisition of land in Indiana. In 1819, he assisted in the treaty held at Sagano, by which large relinquishments were obtained from the Indians in Michigan. In all these negotiations, Governor Cass acted on the principle of frankness and fair reciprocity.

Two events occurred this year in Michigan, which gave a new aspect to her hopes and promises of prosperity. One was, the privilege of electing a delegate to Congress; the other, was the sale of public lands within the territory. No one exerted himself with more zeal to effect these improvements than the governor, as he was convinced that the introduction of the elective franchise among the people, would elevate their political character; and that, by the sale of the public land, the population and prosperity of the country would be rapidly advanced.

In 1820, an expedition was planned by Governor Cass, under the sanction of Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of war, the object of which was to pass through Lake Superior, cross the country to the Mississippi, explore the sources of that river, and establish an intercourse with the Indians on that extensive route. The party combined persons of science, who were capable of ascertaining the physical character of the country, and of making an instructive report, among whom were Mr. Schoolcraft, and Captain Douglass, of the corps of engineers. A preliminary object was, to inform the Indians of the Sault de St. Marie of the intention of Government to establish a military post at that point, and to determine the site. On his arrival there, Governor Cass assembled the Indians and made known the object in view. Being under the influence of a chief who was notoriously disaffected toward the United States, they heard the proposition with evident ill-will, and broke up the council with every appearance of hostile intentions. They returned to their encampment, immediately transported their women and children over the river, and raised a British flag, as if in token of defiance. Governor Cass at once adopted the only course suited to the emergency. Taking only an interpreter with him, he advanced to the Indian encampment and pulled down, with his own hands, the anglo-savage flag, directing the interpreter to inform the Indians that they were within the jurisdiction of the United States, and that no other flag than theirs must be allowed to wave over it. Having given this bold and practical rebuke, he returned to his party, taking with him the flag, and leaving the Indians to further reflection. The moral influence of this opportune and seemingly perilous step, was immediately seen; new overtures were made by the Indians, which led to an amicable and satisfactory adjustment. The course of the expedition, and most of its scientific results, have been published in Mr. Schoolcraft's interesting journal.

In 1821, the services of Governor Cass were again brought into requisition by the Government, to assist in another treaty, to be negotiated at Chicago. He embarked at Detroit, in a birch canoe, ascended the Maumee, crossed into the Wabash, descended that river to the Ohio, went down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and ascended that and the Illinois to Chicago. By the treaty formed there, all the country in Michigan, not before ceded, south of Grand river, was acquired.

In 1823, Governor Cass concluded an arrangement with the Delaware Indians, by which they ceded some valuable tracts on the Muskingum, in Ohio.

In 1825, he proceeded to Prairie du Chien, where, in conjunction with General Clark, a treaty of general pacification was concluded among the north-westerly tribes. In his tour of 1820, Governor Cass had observed, that one abundant source of contention among the Indians arose from uncertain or undefined boundaries. To remove this cause, as many as practicable of the tribes were collected at this time, in order to ascertain, by tradition and custom, and establish by general consent, the limits of each dominion. Much difficulty attended this negotiation, as each tribe apprehended a diminution of its own power, and an increase of its neighbor's. But the objects of the treaty were, in part, attained. A common acceptance of certain geographical or other known boundaries, was obtained. The beneficial effects of this important treaty will be accruing with each coming year. Although many may dissent from the terms of the treaty, for a time, yet lines of separation, defined with so much solemnity, and by such general consent, will at last be appealed to as decisive, and become unalterably fixed. War will still prevail, but border contests, the most inveterate and sanguinary, may be appeased. The following year he again traversed the great lake to fulfill the benevolent purposes of Government. A treaty was held, at Fond du Lac, with those tribes who were too remote from Prairie du Chien, to have met there. The great object of these treaties was to remove the causes of contention between the tribes, by inducing them to accept of certain geographical or other known boundaries, as the limits of each dominion. Colonel M'Kenny, who was associated with Governor Cass on this occasion, has given a lively and picturesque account of the excursion. Another treaty was concluded on the Wabash, on their return from Lake Superior, by which the Indians ceded a large tract of land in Indiana.

In 1827, treaties were negotiated at Green Bay and at St. Joseph's; Governor Cass was an agent in both. On his arrival at Green Bay, instead of finding the Winnebagoes, who were to have been parties in the negotiation, he learned that they were collecting in hostile bodies, for the purpose of waging war against the whites. With his usual promptitude, he adapted his course to the emergency. Embarking in a birch canoe, he ascended the Fox river, crossed the Portage, and had partly descended the Wisconsin, when he perceived an encampment of Winnebagoes on its bank. To show his confidence in them, he landed alone, and approached the wigwams; but the Indians refused to hold any communication with him. After much fruitless endeavor to conciliate, he returned toward his canoe, when a young Indian snapped his rifle at his back. Whether the piece was loaded, and missed fire; or the act was an empty, but significant token of enmity, is not known.

Pursuing his course down the river, he reached Prairie du Chien, and found the settlement there in a state of extreme alarm. A large boat on the Mississippi had been attacked by a numerous band, and escaped capture only by a gallant but bloody defence ; and a whole family had been murdered and scalped, on the skirts of the village. Having organized the inhabitants in the best manner, for their own defence, there being no garrison there at the time, he descended the Mississippi to St. Louis, where the means of defence were to be obtained, and at his suggestion a large detachment of United States troops was moved up the river, in time to prevent further bloodshed. In the mean time, Governor Cass returned to the bay, in the same canoe, by the way of the Illinois and Lake Michigan, having made a circuit of about eighteen hundred miles with unprecedented rapidity. His celerity of movement, and the alacrity with which the United States troops seconded his call, probably averted a war that might have embraced the whole northwest frontier. A negotiation followed, which restored tranquillity. The apparent violence offered to him by the Indian on the Wisconsin, is the only instance of that nature which had occurred during his long and intimate intercourse with the Indians.

In 1828, another treaty was held by him at Green Bay ; and another at St. Joseph's, by which a cession was procured for Indiana. In these various treaties, Governor Cass had been instrumental in acquiring for the United States, and rescuing from the wilderness, for the great agricultural purposes of the country, many millions of acres of land ; and in a manner which ought to leave no consciousness on his mind, that he has aggravated the lot of a single tribe of Indians.

The first council of Michigan met in 1822. This body relieved the governor and judges of their legislative duties, and gave the government of the territory a more republican form. Governor Cass's messages to the several councils, convened under his administration, were always written in a chaste and dignified style ; indeed, all the public documents that came from his pen, while governor of the territory, may be regarded as good specimens of executive composition, and exhibit a highly cultivated literary taste. But his literary reputation rests on a broader and more appropriate basis than his gubernatorial writings.

Some time in the year 1825, John Dunn Hunter's narrative appeared ; which, at the time, attracted much attention. Governor Cass, in the course of his tours through the West, had satisfied himself that this work was an imposture. In determining to expose it to the world, his mind was led to dwell on the ample subject of Indian character, language, and condition, and he wrote the article which appeared in the fiftieth number of the *North American Review*. The subject was full of interest, and written in a style uncommonly earnest and eloquent ; and the public was gratified to find that a theme, so interesting and important, had engaged the attention of so cultivated and liberal a mind. Another article of his, presenting the Aborigines under new aspects, appeared in the fifty-fifth number of the same periodical. This article, which was altogether of a historical and statistical character, attracted equal attention with its precursor.

Some time in 1828, a historical society was formed in Michigan, of which Governor Cass was elected the president. He delivered the first address before it in 1829. This address, embodying the early history of Michigan, brings it down to the period when the United States came into

possession of it. Its publication excited a spirit of research and inquiry, which has already produced the most beneficial results.

In 1830, Governor Cass was invited by the alumni of Hamilton college, New-York, to deliver an address at their anniversary meeting. He accepted the invitation, and in the address which he delivered, displayed an affluence of reading and reflection which proved his habitual acquaintance with most of the departments of human knowledge. From that college he subsequently received the honorary degree of L.L.D. He had previously been admitted an honorary member of the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia; of the New-Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Indiana Historical Societies; of the American Antiquarian Society; and the Columbian Institute.

In July, 1831, having been appointed Secretary of War by President Jackson, Governor Cass resigned his office as Governor of the territory, after having administered it for eighteen years. When he began his administration, he found the country small in population, without resources, and almost sunk under the devastations of war. He left it with a wide spread population, and thriving with unprecedented prosperity. This auspicious condition may not all be attributed to executive instrumentality; but an administration, impartial, vigilant, pervading, and intelligent, may be fairly supposed to have shed a happy influence on all around.

As the period during which he presided over the War Department, is not remote, it is unnecessary to go into a review of the principles and measures he adopted. A few points, however, of general and permanent interest, are worthy of a passing attention. Among these were two questions of vital importance to the country, and involving the fundamental principles of the Constitution for discussion. In their progress, they cast upon the Government a heavy responsibility, and great trouble and labor, and were watched with a jealous solicitude by the whole community, which was divided in opinion respecting the points involved in their solution. Happily, by the wisdom and firmness of the patriot then at the head of the Government, and by the good sense of the nation, they passed away, without leaving behind them any effects injurious to our institutions. These controverted subjects are the questions which arose in Georgia, respecting the relative rights of the Indians and of the States, within whose jurisdiction they live, and that which arose in South Carolina, respecting the power of the State Legislature to nullify an act of Congress.

In 1836, General Cass left the Department of War. It is well known that he enjoyed the full confidence of General Jackson, who was anxious he should retain his seat in the cabinet, till the expiration of the administration. But his health having been broken down by his official labors, he could not remain, and he retired, with the decisive proofs of the good feeling and satisfaction of the President. One was a warm letter, thanking him for his services, and expressive of the kindest sentiments toward him personally; and the other was the mission to France, to which he was appointed. During his residence at Paris, arose the question of the quintuple treaty, one of the most portentous subjects which has ever threatened our honor or interest. England, from professed philanthropic—but from really interested motives—was seeking to establish a new principle of maritime police, by which she could search the vessels of all nations traversing the ocean. By persevering efforts, she had obtained separate

treaties with various powers of Europe, some great and some small—for nothing is too high or too low for human ambition—by which the right of search was granted. She then said, through her secretaries, Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen, that as she could not execute these treaties without searching the vessels of all nations, to ascertain to which they belonged, she should assume that right, and stop and board the vessels of the United States wherever they might be found. And to give more moral weight to her pretensions, she projected another treaty with the four great powers of Europe, embracing in it the right of search, and intended to make it the law of the ocean. The treaty was signed before public attention was much turned to it, but fortunately it was not ratified; and it was of vital importance to the United States, and all other powers interested in the freedom of the seas, that it should not be ratified by France. It was, of course, well known, that from the nature of their governments, the ratifications of Russia, of Austria, and of Prussia would not be withheld. But France being a constitutional monarchy, and public opinion operating powerfully there upon the administration, it was hoped the nation might be induced to act upon it, through the Chamber of Deputies. And it was obvious, from the state of the maritime world, that if France could be withdrawn from this confederacy, no new principle of public law could be created, to which she and the United States should refuse their sanction. A quintuple treaty would be dangerous; but a quadruple treaty would be without the least effect or influence. To produce, therefore, this result, was an object of the highest importance; and the American Minister at Paris, finding himself without instructions from his Government, had to depend upon his own resources, and to act upon his own responsibility. His operations were two-fold. First, to operate upon public sentiment, and then directly upon the Government. His pamphlet upon the right of search, was the measure he adopted to effect the first object, and his formal protest against the French ratification of the treaty, the second. The pamphlet was published in English, in French, and in German, and was distributed throughout Europe. Its effect is well known, and we need not dwell upon it here. The appeal, by protest, to the French Government, was successful. That paper has been published, and our readers have, no doubt, perused it. We shall not quote it, but briefly advert to its general spirit. It is a document truly American. The rights of our country are upheld with a proper resolution. While it is sufficiently respectful, it plainly warns the French Government of the position it will occupy if it sign the treaty. It remarks upon the moral effect which the treaty is intended to produce upon the United States, and observes, that it is not to be presumed that the five powers meditate a direct attack upon their independence. “But,” it continues, “were it otherwise,—and were it possible they (the United States) might be deceived in this confident expectation—that would not alter in one tittle, their course of action. Their duty would be the same, and the same would be their determination to fulfill it. They would prepare themselves, with apprehension, indeed, but without dismay—with regret, but with firmness—for one of those desperate struggles which have sometimes occurred in the history of the world, but where a just cause and the favor of Providence have gained strength to comparative weakness, and have enabled it to break down the pride of power.”

The conduct of General Cass has naturally brought down upon him the

whole force of the ferocious Tory Press of Great Britain. In the House of Lords, he has been most violently abused by Lord Brougham. The whole British influence will be most powerfully exerted against this truly American Patriot. The coarse assaults of his enemies will only render him more endeared to his countrymen.

“Strict and punctual in his business habits, plain and affable in his manners, with powers of mind which grasp, as it were, by intuition, every subject to which they are applied—united to various and extensive acquirements; we feel that we hazard nothing in the declaration that the measure of his fame is not yet full.”

A VOICE FROM A FRIEND.

IN the present position of the Presidential question, and particularly from the zeal with which the claims of some of the candidates are pressed, great apprehension is entertained, that unless Gen. Cass should be the candidate, defeat would again overwhelm the Democratic party as in 1840, when Mr. Van Buren was the unanimous nominee of the Baltimore Convention.

The following essays appeared originally in the *Richmond Enquirer*, in August last. They have been very extensively read, and have attracted much attention, by the large and dispassionate views with which they exhibit the approaching Presidential election. They are republished now, in their present more convenient form, with a view to a wider circulation, and it is believed that the calmness and liberality with which they are written, not less than their power, cannot fail to commend them to the serious consideration of the Democratic party of the Union.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

To the Editors of the Enquirer.

SIRS: I was in favor of Mr. Van Buren, on both occasions, when he ran for the Presidency, and supported him zealously to the last. Thus much as introductory, it being my intention to say something on the Presidential question, through your columns, if you think it worthy of them.

In one of the numbers of "the *Federalist*," Mr. Madison calls the election of Chief Magistrate the great test of popular government. It is—and I, for one, think that our trials, in this respect, are only beginning.

The election of 1840 marks an era in our country in this, among other things—that the Presidential candidates then began, for the first time, to electioneer openly for themselves. General Harrison literally *stumped* it to get in—and, if candid, we must admit that Mr. Van Buren did the same thing in effect, by answering almost any body's letters who chose to put questions to him.

Since that time, candidates, in both parties seem, in one form or other, to have entered the field in much the same spirit—and we have probably seen, as yet, only the commencement of what the future is to unfold. One candidate, a gallant son of Virginia, tried the experiment of a Circular to the Nation; and it is not necessary to point to others who have traversed through the country under circumstances to raise the suspicion that they were personally in quest of the same object that the Circular had.

Now, Messrs. Editors, what would have been thought of General Washington's haranguing the people from the balcony of a tavern, or from a cross-road, while a candidate for the Presidency? or writing a Circular? or travelling about to gain proselytes? The very supposition sounds like profanity. But, as he towered above all competitors, and had none, let me ask what the public would have thought if the elder Adams had acted in this way, or Mr. Jefferson, or Mr. Madison?

Indulge me in another remark:

If, after each of these four Presidents had gone through his first term, and was before the country for a second election, he had been publicly called upon, during the canvass, to answer questions as to his political creed, what would have been thought of that? Does it enter your imagination that, if any individual in the whole country, or any committee man, had been bold enough to catechise either of them in that manner, he would ever have got an answer? It certainly does not mine.

I am not blaming Mr. Van Buren, because he went into the newspapers with answers to such questions, and into argumentation under them. I desire at present to do no more than allude to the fact, as showing a change in the times. He could scarcely, perhaps, have refused when he saw that General Harrison was mounting the Presidential hustings, and making elaborate speeches to the Whigs. If he had, it might have been said that he was cold, reserved, a little of the fox; non-committalism would have been charged upon him, and he might have lost ground in comparison with what would then have been called the frank, open-hearted course of his patriotic and soldierly competitor.

I once heard Mr. Gallatin say, that, although intimate with Mr. Madison, pending his first election, (both being of Mr. Jefferson's cabinet) and conversing freely with him almost every day, upon all subjects, he never once heard him speak upon that of his own election. If any body broached it to him, he would put it aside, saying that it was in the people's hands; that he had nothing to do with it, and must be judged by his past life.

Yet, I am not of the old man's code, Mr. Editor. I do not set down all evil to the account of modern times, and all good to that of time past. But society is in a state of constant transition, political society most especially. Think of the changes that come about in any one century—the one ending with last year for instance! Volumes would not recount the half of them. Of these changes the most important have been within forty years, or since Mr. Jefferson's first election; and the last ten, the most prolific portion of the forty in producing them.

Hume, in his concluding reflections upon the reign of James I. remarks that 'the system of English government received a total and sudden alteration in the course of forty years.' Ours, in some respects, has received a total alteration too, within a period not longer.

In the long run, mankind have gained immensely by the changes which have been going on.

But in the item of President-making, we have not gained. We have lost. We have lost in the standard of men for our Presidents, in the dignity of their conduct while candidates, and in the means resorted to for placing them in that exalted station. Has it or has it not already come to be canvassed for, almost like a seat in the Legislature, or the post of a constable? And, for a certainty, has not the original maxim of the pure and lofty minded Lowndes, that the Presidency was neither to be sought nor declined, got so out of date as hardly to be now mentioned but with a sense of the ludicrous?

Immeasurably, too, have we, of this age in the United States, lost in the general standard of public and social rectitude. We have, for the first time, become the just opprobrium of Europe. Heretofore, we were defamed; but over that we easily triumph. Now, the truth told of us makes us blush; for, even if we have not openly repudiated, we have, in the midst of peace and plenty, and a boasted prosperity under our institutions, so broken all our bonds and promises, as to shock honorable minds everywhere. Worse than this! To escape from the stigma, we ransack, as Sidney Smith has remarked, (I think it was he) the past history of Europe, in some of the worst times of their old monarchies, for every act of questionable or dishonest legislation or conduct, to give countenance to admitted and shameful immoralities committed in this young Republic!

The Whigs saw this condition of things, and made it the basis of their conduct at the last Presidential election. It started hopes, suggested plans, conjured up dreams of advantage, to the heated imaginations of cupidity and ambition. "In free states," says Dalrymple, "men cannot have too many terrors hung out to control them, because, as in such States the virtues of men are greater, so also are their vices." The Whigs saw that a new field was opened to them in the United States, requiring only to be entered upon boldly, and worked with the proper implements, to produce its harvest. They saw that the country was demoralized; that aggravated breaches of faith, corporate and individual, were not confined to single spots or cities, as Philadelphia, or Vicksburg, or Buffalo; but had become so common, that it was difficult to find a place in the whole Union that had not witnessed them. They saw something which marked still more decisively the general debasement. They saw that delinquency not only escaped punishment, but all effective odium in society. I am but briefly recording the truth, Messrs. Editors, painful as it is. The future historian of these times will have to confirm and extend it, in his calmest moments.

Nay, more. He will have to record, also, that the very first perception of wrong seemed extinguished in our legislative halls. What else could have led so many of the State Legislatures, those of proud old Virginia and the once honest Pennsylvania among the rest, to legalize the suspension of specie payments? Conscience, like a high road, says one of the moralists, becomes hard by being frequently trodden upon. So, in the gradual encroachments which banks had been making upon the obligations of law, and all faith between man and man, it came at length to be forgotten that legislative sanctions of suspension, *legalized* breach of promise; *legalized* wrong to every holder of a bank note; *legalized* fraud in the every day operations of life, operations especially numerous among the laboring classes, whose votes so swell the polls—*legalized*, in effect, a breach of the supreme law of the land, the Constitution of the Union itself, which declared that the States should make nothing but gold and silver legal payments. What an opening of the floodgates of vice was

there in all this, diffusing its contaminations throughout the entire community! It requires an effort of thought to carry us back to first principles, and trace the wide space from them, to which our deplorable backslidings had carried us. Nor are we yet redeemed. Far otherwise.

The Whigs saw it all, and acted upon it. They had the master agency in producing it all. They knew that the same people who had participated in it, and were hardened to it, could be operated upon to any needful extent, by money and bribes sufficiently applied, at a great national election. They hold, generally, the doctrine adverse to popular intelligence or virtue; and the ever memorable result proves, that they did apply both money and bribes in 1840, upon a scale fully adequate to the end proposed. And will they not again? In my opinion they will. They have the means and cannot want the disposition. The banking and other active capital of the country, is still essentially in their hands, and they will be stimulated to its ample use a second time by the strongest passions of human nature—their hopes and resentments; the former disappointed by Harrison's death, the latter inflamed by what they denominate Tyler's treason. The foreign creditors, with two hundred millions of dollars at stake, will inevitably join them in the hope of assumption. They will introduce into the election a power greater than the now prostrate Bank of the United States exercised in 1840; and let us not deceive ourselves by supposing that this union of the English and American purse, will be unable to entice into Whig ranks, any Democratic voters. Hundreds, thousands, left us last time on the eve of the election. The moral pestilence has fallen upon Democrats as well as Whigs. There is this difference, indeed, that the Whigs defend the *system*, which is at the root of the pestilence, and are mainly answerable for its effects by the magnitude and enormity of their operations under it, from the leviathan Bank of the United States, which their spirit sustained and their favorite managed, down to that brood of corporate spawn which its rottenness engendered; a system, the *credit* system, right in itself, but which in their hands has been abused to every woe; and it is out of reason to suppose, that all Democrats will be too pure or too enlightened not to be again turned aside from the polls, by the renewed seductions that will assail them. Moral recovery cannot so soon take place, where the whole land has been so deeply tainted. I believe in final recovery, but not by '44.

I believe in the good and honest intentions of the people, and in their intelligence, when the means of it are open to them—but I am startled at observing, by the last census, that there are more than five hundred thousand white persons over twenty years of age, throughout this Union, who cannot read or write. I figure to myself the amount of deception that Whig exertion will produce throughout this portion of our population. Their active spirits will do the work of the party in such, and other classes, under all the guises of patriotism, and with twenty times as much money at command for circulating publications, and taking all other steps to mislead, as we shall have for counteracting them. With the utmost speed of steam, will their hand-bills, garbled documents, hired orators, and bold demagogues, again fly through the land. Chariots of the wind will hardly fly faster. Nor must we overlook the large amount of individual respectability in the ranks of our opponents, any more than fail to give the great bulk of them credit for desiring the welfare of the country as much as we do ourselves; and these considerations will be nothing

more than just means of influence on their side in the fierce and desperate struggle that is before us.

They are full of confidence, under these and other anticipations, and I wish I could think it wholly a rash confidence. Mr. Berrien, one of the ablest among them, in lately addressing the Whig Convention of Georgia, speaks of the "great Whig party of the Union," as he terms it, "as standing to its arms, awaiting the termination of the armistice, limited by the constitution, and eager for the renewal of the conflict." I believe it. We could have no better witness. If we wanted another, you, Messrs. Editors, might be invoked. You remarked, I remember, after the Spring elections, that you had too recently witnessed the Whig strength, to make light of it, or words to that effect, as I quote from memory. I thought the remark wise, and I thought it well-timed, because it came after victory. We got the better of them in Virginia, as we have been doing in almost all the States, for a year and more, not forgetting our late triumph in Louisiana. We did the same in '38 and '39, after the large ground we had lost soon after Mr. Van Buren's first election. We said and believed then, that the "sober second thought" of the people had returned. Nevertheless, our more terrible defeat came in '40, and came when we least expected it; came in the very midst of our vauntings to the contrary—up to the last moment. Let us not falsify Bolingbroke's maxim, that history is philosophy teaching by examples, by showing that, for us, it is a thing written to be forgotten.

The Whigs counted *with* their host—we without ours. They knew what money, powerful at all times, could effect in the general corruption I have called to your mind. Their coonskin nummeries would, otherwise, have been simply ridiculous. In Mr. Jefferson's time they would have been laughed to scorn, or rather never attempted; but in 1840 they told. Their money will tell again; under what forms precisely I know not; but it will tell. Their party organization will be more complete through experience, perfect as it seemed then; and they will have, through foreign subsidies, even more money, if they want it—that agent of influence, the potency of which, when dexterously used in the present state of our country, may be assumed with the certainty of one of Nature's laws. It will not be the first time in history that popular governments have been wrought upon through foreign interference; and as foreign creditors think themselves aggrieved, interference will seem to them justifiable, and become resolute in proportion. It will be successful, too, unless we prepare for the contest with the greatest prudence and foresight in every respect.

All this I believe. I believe that we of the Democratic party are administering opiates to ourselves, that we are reposing in too much self-security; that we are not sufficiently awake, scarcely at all awake, to the powerful impulses that will be roused when the contest is entered upon by the Whigs and their foreign allies, in earnest; or to the fury with which it will rage. This will not be till the summer of '44, when it will be again concentrated upon the one grand question of the Presidency. The foreign allies have not yet come forward. To them our State elections seem of little account; *provincial* they term them. Who the Whig candidate is to be, nobody can now say with certainty. One thing only is certain, that they will, at the last hour, fix upon the man in whose behalf the money to be expended, and the artifices to be employed, will promise to be most efficacious.

But, Messrs. Editors, as you may not think as I do, I will write no more at present; but pause, until I know if what I have so far written, gets a place in your paper. I am sure you will agree that the subject is important, however inadequately I may handle it, involving in its issue the destinies of our Republic for years, perhaps a long age to come; and, therefore, demanding scrutiny and elucidation upon a broad scale, and in dispassionate ways. The latter I can promise, and as amends for deficiencies in all other respects, can only say, that what I send, should I send you anything more, will at least be, as now,

A VOICE FROM A FRIEND.

August 4, 1843.

To the Editors of the Enquirer.

GENTLEMEN: I live in the country, and have my home concerns to attend to, before I can send to the postoffice, which also is some miles from my house; so that I have been a little behindhand in receiving the *Enquirer* of the 15th instant.

I perceive that you have honored my first letter with publication, and still more by the notice you have been pleased to take of it. The result of the elections in North Carolina and Tennessee, wholly unknown to me when writing it, as the time when you received it must show, lends a little confirmation to some of its doctrines.

Certainly, I am not for making light of the power of our opponents, and am happy again to have your declarations to the same effect. Many a one has fallen a sacrifice to such conduct, and most often when least expecting it.

I have even some fear of their *name*. Since the world began, there has been something in names, and the party name of the Congress of '76 goes for something. You may beat it, but you can never kill it, as *Federalist* has been killed. It has a vitality that cannot die, and a potency that can ever rally. It was not until 1840 that they got fast hold of this renowned old name, though they began upon it in '36, and, I own, that I somewhat fear it. It is a new element in our party contests, since the overthrow of Federalism. There will probably be two hundred thousand young men ready to come to the polls in '44, who were under voting age in '40. Think how many of these will have had but little time or opportunity to examine our public questions, complicated as they often are, while all will have heard of the revolution and the names that sanctify it—and how it will be rung into their ears that Washington was a Whig, Jefferson a Whig, Hancock a Whig, and Green, and Gates, and Marion, and Montgomery, the Lees, and Mercer, and Laurens!—all who fell at Germantown and Guilford, all who triumphed at Saratoga and Yorktown!—and that Whigs have the same principles now, as they have the same name. Will there be nothing in this? If so, shrewd men of all ages are fools—so many of whom have said with Mirabeau, that names are things. We, indeed, will proclaim aloud, how they desecrate the name—but amid the din of the polls, that short, immortal name, will too often, I fear, by its quick associations of patriotism and glory, take the vote captive, before the voter can be made to understand the desecration. I am unable to divest myself of anxieties on this score. I, at least, set it down as an item in their scale.

In the array I have been presenting of the sources of influence, new and old, which our opponents will be able to command, is it to dishearten? The very reverse. I desire only, that we should be fully on our guard. Let us have all our thoughts about us beforehand, and while there is still time. Let us weigh them well. Should any seem to require reconsideration, let us reconsider them. The issue is momentous. The struggle will be desperate. Let us not be supine. Equally would I implore our friends not to be too confident. In my first letter I endeavored to show grounds for thinking that, united as our opponents will this time be in object and movement, with rich and exasperated foreigners, smarting under a deep sense of wrong, as they think it, the allied body will come into the field in renovated strength in '44; and in proportion as I believe that their ranks will be numerous, their discipline great, their spirit very enterprising and bold, their means abundant as well as their talents, and their practices unscrupulous, as those of all heated partisans are apt to be, I sincerely desire that we should take with the greatest deliberation, and take wisely, our most important step for meeting them. By doing so, I believe we can conquer them with the good cause we have, and by being united in it.

But it is not always that a good cause can succeed on its merits alone. History is full of other admonitions; which brings me to the great point I design to discuss: who shall be our candidate?

Upon that, much, if not every thing, in my humble opinion, is to depend.

And I frankly confess, that I fear we should fail with Mr. Van Buren; and I say this with a full appreciation of all that is contained in the remarks made, with your usual fairness and strength, in the *Enquirer* of the first of this month and since; as well as in the articles from able writers in your columns.

I said in the outset, that I voted for him and supported him to the last; as I did, zealously and unwaveringly. Again and again he had the poor tribute of my pen, and always my voice. He was true to us, and I would be true to him in all grateful respect and honor, as long as he lives.

But I fear to run him again; and it is a fear that has come by the predominance of reflection over my first wishes. In the first paroxysms of mortification at our overthrow, and under sympathy for him in his martyrdom, I was for running up his flag again instantly. He was cheated out of his election, by buffooneries at least; and I agree to what our friends have so often said, that it would be a solid triumph to us to put him back again, and a beautiful illustration of the principles of our Government if we could do it.

But this is an *if* to be examined; and, for my part, I dread, the more I examine it, to commit the safety of our party, our principles, and our country, to its hazards.

With all Mr. Van Buren's firmness, consistency, integrity, ability, and that steadiness and dignity of temper admired by all, he does not excel in the qualities, inward or external, to stir up men's spirits, or excite fervor at the polls.

He makes the better President on this very account, some may think. It is the best texture for a President's mind.

Perhaps so, when once in; but not the best to get in when out, as *he* is out; not the best to rally forces when once beaten; not the best to breathe into whole phalanxes the assurance of victory; not the best for inspiring a brave confidence, when the charge is sounded and the clangor

neard; and if the foe is to be at all as formidable as I have represented, we shall have need of as much of all this, as we can possibly get.

Let us see, if it centres in him; or how much; or, if little, what other circumstances there are to give us strength, and hope, and stout hearts under his banner.

Let us look at his characteristics and at his position. We must do so candidly, while respectfully. There is no other way at arriving at safe conclusions. Let us call upon our best reason to assist us in this emergency. Let us take posts upon first elements; upon things which have been true in all time, but from which a too intense and cherished, though honorable, political attachment to a man, may possibly have been withdrawing us. A high duty is before us. Let us understand it if we can, and then go wherever it may lead us, no matter what our former or present partialities for Mr. Van Buren, or how our sensibilities may be wounded. It is to the country alone that we are to look, not to individuals, however meritorious. People who spend their lives in struggling for men, says an eminent writer, "are on a wrong track; for the common destroyer will soon remove men, but principles remain to guide and bind together generations."

Some say, that Mr. Jefferson ran, and successfully, after a first failure; as to be sure he did.

But the cases are not parallel—not at all. Mr. Jefferson failed to get in, but was never turned out. The latter is the predicament in which Mr. Van Buren stands.

Besides, the men are not alike. We must not be afraid to say so, but say it frankly, that our judgments may be aided by instructive recollections and comparisons. How else are Plutarch's best conclusions on the human character drawn out? In Mr. Jefferson, genius and universal knowledge, and political philosophy as a science, as well as knowledge of practical politics, and a train of personal endowments, which were a tower of strength in themselves, all combined with the fact and fame of the authorship of the Declaration of the Independence, to form a public character so splendid and commanding that he stands alone as a statesman on the basis of his own first principles; alone, in the hold he had upon the whole of the Democratic party of the nation; whose affections were never for an instant divided, while he lived, with any other man—the bare thought of which, as when Burr thought of it, "betrayed like treason." It were unsafe, wholly unsafe, to take him as a precedent for running a defeated candidate. With all Mr. Jefferson's dignity and forbearance, his name could put men's soul on fire. Devotion, and enthusiasm, sprang up in his train. They were the spontaneous homage to his supremacy, attesting how high and exclusively, he was enthroned in every Democratic heart.

Mr. Jefferson *formed* the Democratic party, and led it on, stage by stage, to its glorious ascendancy in 1800. It was then that *he* ran for his second time. Mr. Van Buren found it ascendant in '36, when he went into the Presidency—and left it prostrate in '40, when put out. It was then that *he* ran for his second term. By the time Mr. Jefferson came to run for *his* second term, the sway of his genius in our affairs, its mingled energy and mildness, with often its bold originality, and always its high tone of intellectual elevation, had so extirpated Federalism, as to leave it no resting-places in the Union for rallying a vote against him, save Connecticut and little Delaware—while you, Messrs. Editors, I dare say,

may remember that Mr. Randolph described gentlemanly Joseph Lewis, from the Londoun district, as its sole representative left in Congress from all Virginia—I believe his expression rather was, sole heir. There is no parallel, therefore—no approximation in the two cases, but the strongest imaginable contrast. I am saying this historically—not disparagingly of Mr. Van Buren. He could not resist the combinations against him in '40. He did his best. His disaster was of the times. They swept him away. The hurricane overwhelmed him.

Jackson's strength would have resisted it, or Jefferson's. And the question is, whether, after that astounding overthrow, we shall now try Mr. Van Buren again for a second *term*, and he run for a *third* time?

I confess that I start back from it. Human nature gives answers to the question. They force themselves upon us. They come by instinct; head and heart dictate them. No man can miss them. Defeat is always an obstacle to the rekindling of confidence. It may be overcome, but still it is an obstacle. We have not to scan human nature deeply for the causes. They are on the surface. Observe those men returning from their day's work at a brick yard—as many, from theirs' at a manufactory—a third set from theirs' at a building. The question passes, "who do you vote for to-morrow?" and mark the fate of those who incline to the candidate beaten, as Mr. Van Buren has been. Some wag in the group throws out his jeers; then, as in the song of Moss and his mare, some other wight helps them on by his responses; or, perhaps, some sly deputy from a Whig camp hard by has slipped in among them, and he, as in duty bound, takes care to humor the joke with new varieties. Thus the joke goes along; so that by the time the polls open in the morning, things are looking rather blue for the *cause of defeat*. Its advocates are getting uneasy; its moral beauties for the sake of merit aggrieved, and a principle to be maintained, are beginning to fade; "there may be merit in the man, but, Smith, let me tell you, you and Bobbins and I had better think about it before we give him our votes."

I use common words, Messrs. Editors; but I am coming to realities; if we run Mr. Van Buren, however ably and faithfully he served us before, every person can conceive occasions without number when former defeat would be cast in our teeth. Strong-minded men would not care for it; able writers, like those in your columns; deep thinkers; men who, like Horace's firm and just man, are unmoved by frowns or storms of fortune. But all our voters are not of this description, be they Democrats or Whigs; they are far too numerous, and many of the former who voted with us in '40, would be apt to waver and fly off as election day drew near, from secret misgivings, notwithstanding their apparent or real assent to all the pipe-laying frauds. Remember, that our large vote in '40, of which we justly boast, was given after we had succeeded with Mr. Van Buren in '36, and expected, every one of us, to succeed again. It was given under the invigorating recollections of former victory, not the damper of former defeat. Defeat was not *then* of our vocabulary. We neither knew the *word* nor the *thing*. The Democratic party had not before been defeated in a Presidential election, candidate to candidate, in forty years! *This* is also an unfortunate fact belonging to the question of running Mr. Van Buren again. The case of the broken down steed would be cited and reiterated against us, mitigate the calamity as we might by referring to the jockeyships that produced it.

It is said to be a general rule with portions of the Germans in Pennsylvania, never to vote for a candidate once beaten. They calmly remark, "we voted for him before, and he vaush not elected, so we vote not for him again." Let us take care how we risk the loss of any voters of a race sprung from the land of printing and gunpowder. I greatly fear—nay, fully believe—that this feeling, as old as mankind, to be shy of the unlucky, would, under all the circumstances of the present occasion, lose us votes when it came to the pinch, not by "units," to adopt your own good language, Messrs. Editors, but in "masses," if we take up Mr. Van Buren. What a commentary we and our candidate would present, on the old classic remark, "You carry Cæsar and his fortunes." Alas! we should carry in the boat, not fortunes to make her buoyant, but weight to sink her. We should have to rehearse the same old scenes of '40, in all that related to our unsuccessful candidate, striving to resuscitate the body we could not then keep in life—and which, by the dead weight of defeat, would lose us the benefit we should have with a fresh candidate, of making the most of our position—of holding up with spirit and animation, and effective power, as might then be hoped, all the broken promises of the Whigs, since their arrival at power. Is it prudent, is it patriotic, to expose our cause to all this train of risks, by again placing ourselves under Mr. Van Buren? Let us remember that the phalanx who voted for him in '40, no longer exists. Part of it has been swept away by death; other parts have been much scattered. This is the way of the world. The most efficient corps of voters in '44, will be entirely new—young men full of ardor, a thirst for glory, with minds yielding to quick, eager, ambitious sensations, rather than prone to cold reflection, during the excitements and struggles of a mighty election. Their cry will naturally be for something new and fresh, rather than for a candidate who, they will be told, has had his day in the Presidency. Novelty is now the genius of the age, it is always in the aspirations of the young.

So much for one aspect of the case—and I hurry over it, without half the illustration it would admit of, from the strong and painful apprehensions with which it inspires me. Let me briefly present another aspect.

What fair ground can we have for hoping to regain any of those who left us in '40, if we keep to the same candidate, compared to prospects that might rise up before us, with a new one? Does it not become us to consider this? We ought to remember that men do not like to seem inconsistent in the eyes of others, who would twit them with it, although they may be inwardly wishing for a good excuse in change. That a door may be opened for all in this predicament, to come back again to our fold, is a reason we hear given every day, why Mr. Van Buren should not be run. That it is so common, shows how strongly it is felt. Like common proverbs, it points to truth.

But what I believe would hurt us more with Mr. Van Buren than anything else, is the ONE TERM PRINCIPLE.

Think how our opponents would bring the changes upon THIS. Think, especially, how they would do it in connection with his running for the *third time*!

Peals from our mere opponents on this ground, however loudly rung, I would disregard, were it not that great numbers, confessedly of the Democratic faith, though not now among active partisans, would be staggered by them.

This I entirely believe ; and believe that their numbers would be increasing, from hour to hour, with the progress of the canvass itself.

In thus viewing this part of the question, I think I cannot be mistaken. Let me give it a moment's examination. It is full of prospective importance to us, vitally so it seems to me ; and I fear that we are not in the habit of weighing it as it deserves.

Reflecting persons can hardly fail to perceive the coming changes of opinion on this head. The causes lie deep, and are not to be safely slighted. As the Democratic creed spreads, the tendency is to abridge the duration of official power. Rotation comes more and more into favor. General Jackson, we know, recommended an alteration of the Constitution, limiting the Presidency to one term ; although his own transcendent popularity obliged him to yield to the call of the Democratic party to run again ; a call that was absolutely omnipotent in his case, humanly speaking, from its universality throughout the Democratic ranks, North, South, East and West. But he was the last of the *second terms*. An alteration in the Constitution may never formally come about ; but public opinion will stand in its stead. Gen. Washington, by his example, as completely limited the Presidential service to eight years, as if the second article of the Constitution had so settled it.

And now, since General Harrison, for the first time in our history, ran on the one term principle, I believe, that, *de facto*, we shall never again see the same man President longer than four years. Not General Harrison alone will have effected the change. The public mind had been tending that way, though held back awhile by the resistless popularity of General Jackson, which arrayed him, whether he would or not, against his own precept ; but let us not commit the fatal error of confounding Mr. Van Buren with him. General Jackson failed to get into the Presidency in '24 ; but he was never ejected from it, any more than Mr. Jefferson, and it is now violently probable that the one term principle which he recommended, will henceforth prevail in practice, though he was unable to enforce it in his own person. General Harrison and his friends, seeing its advance in public opinion, and that it had the essential materials for popular predominance, took hold of it and established it. Johnson says of Junius, that " finding the nation combustible, he was able to inflame it." The Whigs seeing in like manner how the one term principle was taking root, planted General Harrison upon it. It was *one* of the causes of his success. Many who voted for him, proclaimed *that* as their ground ; and whoever expects in future to see the same man elected twice, more especially over the impatient rivalry and ambition in that large plurality of candidates which the increasing population of our country now throws up every four years—an impatience not to be eradicated from human nature—expects more than I do. Least of all do I expect it in the person of Mr. Van Buren, under all the circumstances I have been weighing ; and I pray that they may not be too hastily discarded without consideration. The references to governors of states and members of Congress, who have been elected after former defeats, are so inapplicable, by their limited and local bearings, and the essentially different and complex elements otherwise entering into the Presidential election, to say nothing of the one term principle, that I will not lengthen this letter by stopping to dwell upon them. It is as the great ocean to small streams. You may stem a tide in the latter ; but the heavings of the former defy and overwhelm you.

I will here close for the present ; but shall have to trespass further on your valuable columns, so deeply does the discussion seem to me to involve our highest public interests.

August 18, 1843.

A VOICE FROM A FRIEND.

To the Editors of the Enquirer.

GENTLEMEN: I am aware that in my last letter, the publication of which there has not yet been time for me to see, though I will assume it, I dealt with an ungracious topic. There are those in our ranks entitled to all respect, who think, that as the people have found out the fallacy of Whig promises since their success in 1840, the member of the party who talks of defeat next time, with Mr. Van Buren as our candidate, now that we know what the practices of our opponents were, and have had such intervening victories at the polls, must want zeal, or courage, or both ; or not be able to see clearly into the future ; or even want sincerity and faith in the good old Democrat cause.

As to the last, Messrs. Editors, I need not say to you, I trust, how wide such a supposition would be of the truth. For the rest, I aimed at showing, that the Whigs, with their foreign allies, will have, will use, prodigious means for renewing in '44, their old practices, and may resort to now ones that are worse ; and that although we are now apprised of the old, and may be on the watch as to the new, we shall find it extremely difficult to counteract them, no matter how we are forewarned ; and more difficult with Mr. Van Buren, from the causes mentioned, than with a new candidate. The Democratic *prepossession* in various parts of the country, is so naturally with Mr. Van Buren from his faithful service, and sympathies with him from having been turned out, that perhaps its *judgment* hardly has the fair play, at first, on coming to consider how we shall now better succeed without, than under his leadership. Thence it is, that I would fain hope for a candid consideration of the opinions which, so far, I have expressed. It seems, with many, to have become a political *habit* to consider Mr. Van Buren *necessary* to the party ; but habit it is known will sometimes master reason, unless an effort be made to shake it off.

If I should not look for success under his banner, I should despair of it also under Mr. Calhoun's ; although to the talents and noble spirit of this distinguished son of the South, no one can yield more homage than I am ready to do. In him, also, are qualities to excite a high tone of ardent and chivalrous feeling ; but he has been less uniform in his course than Mr. Van Buren. This in part proceeded from the very force and fertility of his intellect, and that consequent self-reliance which has led him to give the tone to others, rather than take it from them ; contrary to the more even tenor and staid characteristics of Mr. Van Buren's mind, which include caution. What I describe in Mr. Calhoun, has not sprung from any dictatorial spirit, but has been the irrepressible offspring of his nature, in seeking to serve and exalt his country. Nevertheless, the departure from *uniformity*, for I do not say consistency, to which I simply allude, without designing to go into any details, hurts his general popularity ; although it may not impair, but enhance with portions of the public, the independence and elevation of his character. Horace Wal-

pole says, that he never could rightly understand Mr. Gray's political opinions, as sometimes he was on the side of authority, sometimes on that of the people, adding, that this was natural to a candid and ingenuous mind; for that, when the people (he spoke of England, of course,) "showed gross vices of ignorance, one wishes the check of authority," and when "Governors pursued wicked plans, one wishes for a spirited opposition."

This reflection, appropriately modified, might suggest itself in considering Mr. Calhoun's long and brilliant career as an American statesman. Some men seem destined to instruct mankind, rather than govern them; and, in the complication of human affairs and diversity of human fame, perhaps it is a tax to be paid by an intellect of the amplitude and energy of Mr. Calhoun's, mixed with what sometimes borders on refinement in its power and habit of analysis, that it is more apt to fail in gaining immediate popular assent to its conclusions and its objects, than can be commanded by minds less gifted. The grand, colossal mind of Burke was of this texture. No one ever seems to have thought of him as prime minister; yet he was able to instruct prime ministers of his own day and all since, in maxims of political wisdom; of which any single one of his speeches, apart from all he wrote, will often afford the most profound and beautiful illustrations. But Burke was not uniform in his career, any more than Mr. Calhoun; the fullness of his mind, its luxuriance, its heat, its amazing compass, with the strength and pomp of his imagination, and the latter was sometimes as philosophic as gorgeous, drawing him off into eccentricities. In bringing Mr. Calhoun at all within the category of so mighty a man, though but to supply an analogy, I attest the homage I would pay to his parts; and I would render not the less to his purity and patriotism, though unable, on full consideration, to look upon him as a safe candidate for us at present.

As little can I regard Colonel Johnson in that light, though joining in every tribute to his patriotism, valor, philanthropy, long services, and wounds; and to his time-honored fidelity and devotion to the Democratic cause.

Nor Mr. Buchanan. None deny the talents, services or great respectability of this eminent Pennsylvanian; and all who know him, feel the influence of his gentlemanly port and bearing, as all who read them acknowledge the ability of his speeches in the Senate. But I cannot learn that out of his native State, where he is naturally a favorite, there is any sufficient indication of support to him to justify the expectation of a national selection in '44. He remains advantageously and prominently before the nation.

I come now to General Cass—a name relatively new upon the list. By all that I hear, his name is spreading in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan—his early and long connection with the West and Northwest, having, in all probability, laid foundations of attachment to him in those portions of the Union. In Pennsylvania, after Mr. Buchanan, he seems to be looked to, and in New Jersey has friends. Throughout the interior of Pennsylvania, good accounts give the impression that Mr. Van Buren has but feeble support, though in Philadelphia many and highly prominent names range on his side. It would seem, judging from the past, that he never had any strong hold upon the Democracy of that State, having lost its vote for the Vice Presidency when on the ticket with General Jackson, on the occasion when it was given to Mr. Wilkins in preference; having received it

only a slender majority when running the first time as President, though then standing in the immediate wake of Jackson's great name, and having lost it again, when running a second time for the Presidency in 1840. And now, as I have recently understood, the inclination of that State, in the interior, after going for Mr. Buchanan in the first instance, is increasing for General Cass.

I have brought myself to think, Messrs. Editors, on grounds which will be stated, that the more the position of this relatively new candidate is surveyed, the more does he seem to be the man most likely to enable us to beat the Whigs. This we must look to, as much as to the character and principles of our candidate. The latter, undoubtedly, must be above all exception; and it is my purpose to show, by the standard of his life and actions, the high ground on which Gen. Cass, in all respects, stands. The son of a revolutionary soldier, who fought in most of the hard battles of the war, he has a claim, by his stock, to patriotic and courageous blood. Having gone along, almost step by step, with that immense portion of his country beyond the Alleghanies, which, since he came into life, has grown into an empire of civilization of itself, it is only since his recent return from an important mission, that the book of his life has been well opened to his countrymen at large, and none who examine it can fail to perceive how full of national service it is, both solid and brilliant, and always attesting a high capacity for affairs.

It is not a little remarkable, that General Cass should have commenced his public life, by being instrumental in crushing a conspiracy against his country in one hemisphere, and have terminated it, so far, by defeating one in the other. On first entering the Legislature of Ohio, where he was a disciple of Mr. Jefferson, he took a leading part in measures for arresting Burr's conspiracy; and lately, in France, he was the great moving cause of putting down a conspiracy, or confederacy, whichever name may be preferred, of European Potentates against the rights, interests, and sovereignty of his country upon the ocean. Always of the Democratic party; always of unblemished integrity; always true to his duty, whatever its nature or magnitude, or wherever its locality, whether on the Wisconsin in his birch canoe, on the toilsome business of securing, through treaties with the Indians, the territorial interests of his country, or using the pen in Paris for her benefit, on questions of the greatest international scope, while all Europe looked on; firm and fearless at all times, yet uniting qualities alike necessary to high statesmanship, calm, prudent, and conciliatory—these are some of the attributes and circumstances attaching at first blush to General Cass's career.

I know not how it may have been with others, but, for myself, I never saw, until last winter, that letter of his written from Paris to a committee in Philadelphia, who had asked if he would consent to have his name used as a candidate for the Presidency, though it had been written some eighteen months before. After reading it, I thought it a paper the most sound in doctrine and elevated in tone, of any of the kind that had before met my eye in the whole range of candidateship manifestoes, if so I may call them; for he too, as the latest comer, was necessarily drawn into the vortex of them. It is truly modest; thus attesting, and not less by the beauty of its composition and justness of its reflections, the qualities of a superior mind.

He avows in it, his conviction of the truth of the Democratic creed; yet, it is so liberal, so exempt from all narrowness, and mere partisan prejudice, that it is unspeakably refreshing to meet with such sentiments from

such a source, when we have been latterly so much used to both narrowness and violence from men in high places, or those who are seeking them. It recalls the principles and the tone in which they were ever inculcated, by Jefferson and Madison. He forcibly quotes Mr. Jefferson, as an illustrious instance to show, that firmness does not mean violence; for that although coming into the administration in the most excited state of feeling that our country has, perhaps, ever experienced, *he left it with the Republican party greatly augmented, and the principles it had contended for, firmly established.*

Now, it does strike me, that in these days, when the government is falling off from some of its good characteristics in the Executive Department, we want at its head some virtuous and competent citizen like this, to check the downward course—and perhaps do it the better, from having been much detached from the political arena of late, and, therefore, free from entanglements of all sorts, which it is not irrational to suppose, may have been, more or less, springing up among those most prominent in it.

What are the sufficient guarantees that General Cass *is* that man, it may be asked?

The very letter I am referring to is one—for, he gives us to understand, that Mr. Jefferson would be his model, and, above all, in interpreting the Constitution—and after a life of honor and usefulness, such as he has passed in a great variety of public trusts, we should, perhaps, be in little danger if we confided in his own assurances. But we have, as we ought to have, where the occasion is so momentous, full assurances beyond words. We have high attestations from others, and his own high deeds. The three Democratic Presidents, Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe, and General Jackson, gave repeated proofs of their abundant confidence in him—and for his own deeds, I would be much disposed to say, without going further in this present letter, though greatly more will afterwards be seen, that—

The man who, after Hull's surrender, threw himself into the breach, and did more, by publications under his name, than any man in the nation to turn aside the odium which, under that disaster, was rising against the government, whose friends were in dismay, while its enemies were mad with ferocious joy, in the double hope of getting into power, and stopping the war; publications which exposed him to fiery denunciations from the Federal press, without parallel perhaps in our country, except in the case of Mr. Madison himself, of whom it is said, (and let this go as a sample of its ferocity) *that every honest man ought to have a whip in his hand to lash the scoundrel round the world* *)—the man who could face this tempest in his country's cause, may be said to have moral resolution enough for anything.

The man who, when at the Sault Saint Marie, to procure a cessation of land for a military post for the United States, and finding himself surrounded by hostile Indians three times the number of his own little party, one of whom, a daring and turbulent chief, hoisted the British flag in the Indian camp within our boundary, and hoisted it in defiance; the man who, as Schoolcraft relates, could then walk coolly over to the lodge of the hostile chief, haul down the flag, and put his foot upon it, thus vindicating in an instant the American honor and supremacy, by the terror he inspired, though he did so at the risk of his life—that man has constitutional courage, as well as patriotism enough to do anything.

(*) The Georgetown Federal Republican.

The man who wrote that matchless protest (I so call his pamphlet) at the Court of France, thereby exposing himself to the bitterness of the anti-slavery fanaticism in that hemisphere, more especially in England, where the fanaticism has the whole press as its organ, and other organs besides, even to defamatory peers in Parliament, whose audience is Europe and the world, as well as Britain—the man who does this, in a fearless and enlightened vindication of the rights of his country, that man is likely, I think, to have intellectual power and independence as well as patriotism enough to do any thing which the national wants, interests and dignity, could ever demand at his hands in the Presidential office.

I call the protest referred to, MATCHLESS; I must, therefore, as the term is strong, ask to be indulged in a few remarks on this head. Surely it was so, or it would never have provoked the matchless wrath of Lord Brougham. That powerful, though prejudiced and passionate peer, and furious Abolitionist, that “universal busy-body and intermeddler of the age,” as a spirited and accomplished writer in the *Globe* called him, beheld in the sound reasoning and statesman-like tone of the protest, death to his hopes of seeing perfected the ever-famous Quintuple Treaty. Had that high-handed league reached its consummation, new, and a peculiarly effective vigor would have been imparted to the principle of universal abolition, the undoubted root of the league; of which Lord Palmerston’s instructions to the English minister in Portugal, distinctly avowing England’s determination to persevere in her plans of suppressing the slave-trade, until *slavery itself* was extirpated from the world—is the proof. What an avowal? What an attack does it not involve on the domestic institutions of independent nations? Even the English ambassador at Constantinople, Lord Ponsonby, in writing to his Government, was forced to shrink back from a principle so monstrous. How highly, then, ought not the United States, especially the South, to estimate this service in General Cass?

The protest was matchless in another sense. He performed the service on his own estimate of duty. By the exercise of talents of the first order at the right moment, such as a great General will sometimes seize for deciding a campaign and perhaps the destinies of a nation, he broke up one of those dangerous confederacies among emperors and kings, to defeat which is supposed, in the history of States, to call for the full interposition of national influence and authority, and is rarely, if ever, effected without it—seldom *with* it, unless broken to pieces by arms. The honor to General Cass is therefore as signal as the service he rendered; and the conduct of his own government toward him, does but augment his fame.

I should get beyond my limits, if I attempted to review all the deep mischiefs that lurked in the Quintuple Treaty, but must not pass them by entirely. The whole eastern coast of America, south of the thirty-second degree of north latitude, came within its gigantic sweep. No vessel of the contracting parties could ever have been *approaching* Charleston, or Richmond, or New York, with a cargo from any part of the world, South of Savannah; or have been *going* from any of these ports to any part of the world, south of Savannah, without risk of being searched for slaves by British cruisers, the voyage stopped, and the vessel ordered to some British Court of Admiralty for adjudication. Incredible as this may seem, the words of the treaty prove it. The space for British search, comprehended more than seventy degrees of latitude! It might have been exercised upon all the vessels as above, in the very gulf of Mexico itself,

going to or from New Orleans. What a blow to our commercial interests was therefore warded off—what a door foreclosed against British dominion upon the seas—and against her anti-slavery fanaticism, working upon the seas, that it might do its work more thoroughly and quickly upon the land. Here is the key to Lord Brougham's rage—the defeat of that portentous treaty by the talents, sagacity, and patriotism of General Cass. His attack upon him is without a parallel, since Wedderburne's attack upon Dr. Franklin. It exceeded that in outrage, as Franklin was not then the representative of an independent nation.

Strange to say, General Cass was both exposed to indignity and injustice from his own government for the noble part he acted in France. The proof is on record, or we might want faith in such a charge. It is contained in the correspondence between Mr. Webster and himself, carried on mainly after his return from France; but never was retribution sooner brought about, as far as the parties were concerned, though the public will not soon forget to what an extent great principles were forgotten in the treatment General Cass received. His own victory over Mr. Webster was complete. No two judgments can differ about this—the *whole* correspondence being read. Let me give a single specimen. It forms an item in our political history, memorable and instructive, considering the distinguished actors in the scene.

General Cass had objected to the eighty gun squadron clause of the treaty of Washington, that it had no provision renouncing the British claim to search our vessels for slaves. Hereupon the Secretary of State mounted upon stilts. He says, in reply, What! ask *renunciation* by treaty of an unjust pretension! no, I knew too well what I was about; the nation doing that, would weaken its own cause; it would be like asking a treaty stipulation not to destroy our towns in time of peace, or to abstain from any other enormity; the United States stand upon their own rights and power in all matters of that sort; they ask, they want no treaty stipulation—fie, Mr. Cass, I should have thought better things of you; O fie! Such was the purport of the *official* rebuke, and note the italics.

Now hear General Cass. He rejoins: *You* talk so; *you*, Mr. Webster; *you*, who in this very negotiation wanted Lord Ashburton to go into the question of IMPRESSMENT! *you*, who urged him to it, contrary to his wishes and known determinations; *you*, who made him write about it, and would write yourself, although *he* did not desire to write; *you*, who wanted an express TREATY STIPULATION, yes, a RENUNCIATION, at this day of our power, against renewals of THAT outrage, an outrage (horror of horrors) for which, thirty years ago, we made her answer with her blood!! *you* assume superior spirit and sagacity, *you* put on superior patriotism, *you* talk of treaty stipulations!

Such, in effect, was the retort. I do injustice to its language, wishing to condense the whole passage in as few plain words as possible. In acknowledging the letter that contained it, Mr. Webster remarked, that he had "hastily glanced at one or two of its first pages, but would peruse it more carefully; and if he thought there was occasion, he would write to him again. But he never wrote again. The whole letter had a power of right reason in it, and right feeling, which it was impossible for Mr. Webster, with all his admitted and great ability, to answer. Silence was his only refuge. To this there could be no objection; but with signal injustice to General Cass, his letter was treated as *private*. It was not put upon the files, and therefore not published by the Government, al-

though Mr. Webster's letter, which had so justly provoked this overwhelming retort, *was* published, nor was it the only letter of the General's not comprehended in the Government's publication of this remarkable correspondence. Mr. Van Buren was not treated worse when the Senate rejected him as Minister to England, than General Cass was treated by the Government on getting back from the French Mission—not so bad. Mr. Van Buren had rendered no illustrious service in England as General Cass had done in France, no opportunity having offered to him.

Where Mr. Webster was, and what doing, when England was lowering her proud flag upon the ocean to our stars and stripes, as an atonement for the unequalled outrage of impressment, a *renunciation* of which, *by Treaty*, he begged from Lord Ashburton, without getting it, the journals of Congress could tell. Where General Cass was, and what doing, our history can also tell, and tell with nothing but advantage and glory to him. But I will proceed in my next letter to call attention to other parts of his public service.

A VOICE FROM A FRIEND.

August 22, 1843.

To the Editors of the Enquirer :

GENTLEMEN : If General Cass holds the Democratic creed as Mr. Jefferson held it, and has given earnest by his actions, that he would be likely to practice it as he did, without bigotry, but with firmness, as I have been endeavoring to show, it is gratifying also to see in him things which make an approach in other respects to that great model.

I here mean, in possessing stores of knowledge beyond mere politics. This is attested by the various productions of his pen. One, as a sample, comes under my eye while writing—his late address at Fort Wayne on the completion of the Wabash and Erie Canal—which, for rich reflections on the genius of our institutions, in comparison with those of the old world, might have warmed the heart of Jefferson himself. The single remark in it, that the Pyramids “*tell no tale but the old tale of oppression*,” is beautifully characteristic. Bonaparte exclaimed at the battle of the Pyramids, “Soldiers! remember that twenty centuries are looking down upon you.” This was very fine, but denoted the conqueror warming up his men to a new victory. General Cass's remark denoted the Republican sage. It was Jeffersonian, by its classic brevity and truth. His account of the campaign at New Orleans, published before he went to France, is a beautiful piece of historical composition. Thoroughly distinct and analytical, it is glowing also in its thoughts and style, yet free from exaggeration on a subject tempting to it; while it does ample justice to the glorious achievements of that campaign, and to the great living Captain of our country who planned and so triumphantly carried it through.

It would be but common-place to say, that the mind imbued with letters has a better groundwork for statesmanship, than the one whose only food is current politics. Where it is eminently practical, also, as with General Cass, we have materials for statesmanship of the first order. It was a fine remark of Humboldt's when in our country, the great traveller and author, (of whose renown in Prussia Mr. Wheaton is now telling us,) who, after spending a day with Mr. Jefferson, while President, said, that he had “never before seen so much power united in one man, with so

much knowledge;" adding "how advantageous to the world is such a union." Gratifying tribute to our great Republican leader from so high a source! As we have not yet produced a second Jefferson, let us cherish the men who would imitate him in his intellectual cultivation as well as political opinions. The liberalizing influence of letters, is well calculated in a country where political passions are so fierce as in ours, to soften the asperity of strife, and stop party from running into extremes. This, in itself, would be a blessing if we had Cass at the head of the government. As the spheres of duty increase with such men, new and higher qualities are ever apt to be developed. So it was with General Cass, when transferred from the home service to the court of France, where he was enabled, by mental powers highly improved and disciplined, to analyze and expose the mischiefs of one of the most deeply-laid schemes against the maritime liberties and commercial interest, as well as, ultimately, against the domestic institutions of his country, that could possibly have been engendered by mingled craft, ambition and fanaticism, in the Cabinets of Princes. May not the anticipation be thence rationally justified, that, if elevated to the highest sphere in which his country could place him, he would be found to meet all its duties in the most enlarged, dignified and successful ways? We should at least have there a man, who, reared in no narrow school of squabbling politics, has sought wisdom at the fountains of knowledge, no less than through a wide experience in the great business of the world.

On existing and leading questions, his opinions are satisfactory to the Democracy of the Union at large.

In answers to inquiries from the Democratic State Convention of Indiana, addressed by that body to all the candidates alike, he has said—First, that he is against a National Bank—second, that he is against distributing the proceeds of the public lands among the States—third, that he is against a Tariff for protection—saying, that the revenue ought to be kept at the "lowest point compatible with the performance of its Constitutional functions," and that thus only "should incidental protection be afforded to such branches of American industry, as may require it"—fourth, that he is against altering the Constitution, by abolishing the Executive veto—fifth, that he adheres to his original determination, not to let his name be used as a candidate for the Presidency, unless nominated by the National Democratic Convention, and that he would give his support to the nominee of that Convention.

I have caught an idea, that General Cass, while in the War Department, was supposed to want decision, and was afraid of responsibility. Strange idea! As if General Jackson would have called to the head of that department a man of this description—or have retained him a day after his quick insight into men had discovered any such deficiencies, which could not have escaped him had they existed—and not only retained him, but retained the fullest confidence in him to the last, of which there is abundant proof. Furthermore—as if his whole life did not contradict it—his long Western and frontier service, so full of stirring and perilous incident—his efficient share in concluding, while Governor of Michigan, more than twenty Indian treaties, in regions, and under circumstances peculiarly calling for decision of character, and involving responsibility—and by which he obtained for his country, territory of great value and extent—as if these things, not to repeat the evidences of a prompt and resolute spirit in him, which my last letter afforded, as if *all* were not at war with the idea.

Its existence may be accounted for. The War Department, of all others, is burdened with a multitude of *private* claims. Not merely the business of the army, proper, in its whole range of distance and service, but contracts and occurrences, of endless variety and number, under stated agencies or special acts of Congress, embracing Indian affairs, and other interests—the clearing out of rivers and harbors—erecting breakwaters and other works, with everlasting claims for extra labor, and other things not in the contract—surveys, national roads, militia claims from the States, pensions—all these, with the business they create, are only part of what falls on the Secretary of War, as his province, to look after and settle. In most cases of this nature, it probably seems to the individual interested, that his case is quite clear—he wonders anybody can doubt—it only requires to have the papers looked at, to be allowed, and paid at once. This he honestly thinks, perhaps, and so talks—not omitting complaints of the indecision of the Secretary of War. But not so does the Secretary himself think. To his mind, most probably, the cases are not so very clear. Perhaps he remembers what Lord Chancellor Eldon is reported to have said, when the London papers were saying that he was too slow in coming to his decisions, one of them remarking, that it was as easy to decide most of his cases, as upon the difference of black and white. “Yes,” said the old Chancellor, “if they were black or white—but I find most of them *gray!*” So with General Cass. He probably found the most of his cases no easier to decide off-hand, than this eminent Judge—but, on the contrary, calling for careful investigation, to do justice between the Government and the party. This, to the impatience of the latter, may have looked like indecision—and it is no wonder, if occupied, also, with duties more primary, because more national, amid the great complication and variety of those that press upon the War Department, he could not always find the time he may have wished for those private cases—and thus have left a portion of them unsettled on leaving the department—as his predecessors have done before, and as his successors always will.

While in that department, his diligence is known to have been unabated; and in handling questions of great magnitude and delicacy, his course commends itself to the approbation of the whole nation; I would add, emphatically, to portions of the South.

I might instance nullification in Carolina, on which portentous occasion, while his correspondence was forbearing, conciliatory, and scrupulously mindful of State Rights, it was highly dignified and appropriate in all other respects. It is not too much to say of it, that it comes well up to the models of our foremost statesmen, being much like that of Mr. Madison in the Olmstead case, when resistance was threatened to a law of the United States in Pennsylvania, and advanced to the eve of consummation.

I might instance the Indian question, the difficulties of which were greatly augmented by the opinion of the Supreme Court, confirming the Cherokees in their notion of independence, within the orbit of State authority. The ability and discretion of General Cass were signally displayed on that occasion, in luminous and powerful examinations in the Globe, of the doctrine of the Supreme Court, from which he dissented, not as a factionist resisting authority, or as a sciolist unable to comprehend it, but as a patriot, a jurist and a scholar; and also in his masterly report from the department. In the end, General Jackson's policy prevailed. His Secretary of War had been its efficient, and, well may I add, its learned and enlightened expounder and defender. The Indians were re-

moved, under every humane care, to places better fitted for their homes ; the high claim of Georgia to be sovereign within her own borders was fully vindicated against those disorganizing counter-principles, subversive of the first elements of civilization, that would have denied it ; and with such an approving voice did that State regard the conduct of General Cass, that she named a county after him.

I might instance the menacing aspect, at another time, of the case which arose in Alabama, under an obligation the United States had contracted, by treaty, to prevent intrusion upon lands that had belonged to Indians within that State, until they could be removed. Emigrants, nevertheless, entered upon the lands ; and, under differences to which this led, the State and Federal authorities were upon the point of collision. It was happily warded off, and the public documents attest the union of energy and prudence in General Cass, throughout the whole exigency. His appropriate, cogent, and lucid correspondence abundantly upheld the rights and dignity of the State, yet threw over the Indians the shield to which the laws of the Union entitled them.

He was in the War Department about five years, and it would be no short work to recount all that he did while there, of public importance and value. But I desire to compress the events of his public career, avoiding too much detail : and, therefore, content myself with those more prominent specimens, from which the well judging will make the right inferences, as to his talents and principles.

For the same reason, I will not go into all that he did at the Court of France, where he went, by General Jackson's confidence and selection, after leaving the Department of War. No one has ever questioned the ability with which he performed the whole range of high duty, direct and incidental, attaching to the Minister Plenipotentiary at that conspicuous court ; and I have already sufficiently alluded to the transcendent service to his country, with which his mission closed.

There is something, however, which I will not silently pass over, in connection with his public residence in France. I have heard it so much said, as whispered, and shrugged, that, while there, he was a little of a courtier !

Hardly do I know how to deal with such whisperers. They seem scarcely to merit serious notice. General Cass a courtier ! *He*, who was wont to paddle his birch canoe on the Wisconsin, Mississippi, and Lake Superior ; *he*, who has worn his hunting shirt in company with the buffalo, cut his piece of venison rib from the stake, and roasted it in the woods ; the identical Lewis Cass, who was soused in Scioto Salt creek, saddle-bags, horse, blanket and all, when a young fellow practicing law in Ohio and Western Virginia, and afterward regaled himself on his supper of bear's meat ; and who, at a later day, as Governor of Michigan, often went through scenes akin to these ; that he, the same mortal man, should, at this time of day, turn courtier, sounds, to say the least, a little odd ! Lynchas was transformed into a rock, Lotis into a tree, and the eyes of Argus into a Peacock's train ; but the strangest metamorphosis of all, would be General Cass into a courtier.

One may *guess* at the rise of this notion. It probably came from the article known to have been written by him, entitled "France, its King, Court and Government," which appeared a few years ago in the Democratic Review, published in Washington. As altogether "Desultory Sketches," which that article purports alone to be, I can only say, that it

afforded me, as one of its readers, great delight by the variety of its anecdotes, descriptions and reflections. There is not a line in it adverse to the rightful preference of the Government of his own country over all other forms, but just the contrary, again and again. A large part of it is devoted to personal anecdotes of Louis Philippe and his family; and perhaps it is in the commendation which the writer so liberally bestows in these quarters, that may have started the notion in question.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I cannot help regarding the subject in quite an opposite light. The King of the French seems to me, pretty well entitled to the praise he gets. We must not suppose, Democrats as we are, that there can be no merit on the throne; least of all where it is incumbent, as in this instance, may be said in some respects to be a self-made man, schooled in that school which has raised more men into greatness than any other—misfortune. General Cass could not but foreknow, that this article in all probability, would in some way or other, come under the eye of Louis Philippe when in print. He, therefore, did well to carry commendation as far as the truth would permit, as well as describe in colors as attractive as they would bear, those court scenes which his taste as a gentleman may have led him to admire in the royal palaces of France, (*belle France*), where official propriety obliged him to give his attendance; those same palaces, in one of which Burke some fifty years ago, beheld a Dauphiness of France, “just above the horizon, glittering like a star”—I will give no more of the magnificent passage; all, Messrs. Editors, in the cavalier land of Virginia, will remember it. I will only say, in passing, that our Jefferson himself, had been in those beautiful scenes at the French court, and knew the same which Dauphiness Burke has described in such splendid diction and in such a spirit of romantic chivalry. Instead of conduct like the above, springing from any courtier like motive in General Cass, I should carry it to another and very different account—to that of *sagacity* in serving his country. Every minister at a foreign court, performs a duty of no slight import in endeavoring, in all ways fit and honorable, to excite toward himself personal good will and esteem on the part of the Government and sovereign, where he resides. It tends to give him a power; and who can undertake to say how far General Cass’ success in propitiating the good-will of the French court throughout its royal members, may have been among the causes which enabled him to turn France aside from her first purpose of co-operating with the great powers of Europe in the dangerous work to his country, of the Quintuple treaty.

What a pretty remark we have in one of the pages of the article referred to, respecting the French King, where it is said, after describing the necessity he was once under, of carrying his own baggage on his back from the head of Seneca lake to Tioga point, on the Susquehanna, while travelling in our country, that “the load was no doubt heavy,” but, perhaps, “*not as much so as the burden he now bears.*” Take from another page the following notice of Napoleon, which concludes with so happy an illustration of the charm which bound his soldiers to him: “I have been more powerfully impressed than ever,” says the General, “since my arrival in France, with the prodigious force of Napoleon’s character, and with the gigantic scope, as well as the vast variety of his plans. I have often questioned the old military veterans of the Hotel des Invalides, those living remains of Jena and Wagram and Austerlitz, and a hundred other fields, respecting him; and it was easy to see by their sudden animation, and by

their narrative, how proud they were to recount any little incidents which had connected them with him. His visit to their guard fire, and his acceptance of a piece of their campaign bread, constituted epochs in their lives, to be lost only with the loss of reason or existence."

No, you cannot make General Cass out to be a courtier, while minister in France, any more than when he was succeeding, by sterling sense and sagacity, in negotiating good treaties for his country with the Indians. A man of his mould knows how to deal with the most refined people, as with the red men of our forests—good combination in a President of the United States.

Indulge me in one letter more, Messrs. Editors ; it will be my last. I will aim at making it short, though I would fain hope it may not be wholly unimportant.

August 24, 1843.

A VOICE FROM A FRIEND.

To the Editor of the Enquirer.

Gentlemen: I am now to present a recommendation of General Cass, not hitherto gone into—his military career. I have spoken of him in civil life, where his abilities, his sound principles, his patriotism, and the enduring services he has rendered his country in some of its highest posts, have been fully seen. His purity of character has been alike conspicuous. No man stands higher on that ground. His moral escutcheon is without spot—no charge, no suspicion rests upon it. All this without more, is a commanding front for a Presidential candidate to present to the nation—and if you can add to it all, a name in arms, such a man, if taken up, *must* run well. It is like any other first truth.

General Cass's military career has been marked, wherever the opportunity was afforded him, by honor, courage, and admirable service. In the war of 1812, he was among the foremost to draw his sword. His well remembered address—as Colonel of one of the Regiments of Ohio Volunteers, when the hollow square was formed at Dayton—was truly eloquent and inspiring. It ran through the Democratic press of the land—the more quickly from being brief—admired by all—and stimulating patriotic fervor in all. Arriving at Detroit, no man did more to prevent Hull's surrender. Of all the officers, he was first in battle. His eager courage made him the first to leap from his boat on the Canadian shore—and the affair at Aux Canards which followed, and where the first blood was shed, witnessed his triumph. The brave Colonel Miller was with him, but Cass was in command—and there it was, at that bridge, though he so modestly reports the affair, that the British troops, in conjunction with their Indian allies, were first driven before the American arms. Glorious priority! to stand at the head of such a list—to have heralded in, with the tap of his volunteer drum from Ohio, the train of splendid victories which our gallant countrymen won upon the land and sea over a foe so renowned, and in a war so just! The first victory was *his*, and glory to it again. The first laurel was *his*, and be it ever verdant. Not only did he afterward strive to prevent Hull's surrender, but, as stated in a former letter, did more than any other man in the nation to uphold the administration of Mr. Madison, of which he was a constant supporter, before and after the war, against the incessant battering-rams with which the Federalists sought to prostrate it under that disaster.

At the battle of the Thames, so decisive in annihilating the enemy in that quarter, expelling him from our territory, and giving security to a vast frontier, and where it was also that the brave Johnson acted so nobly, Cass had no command; but, always devoted to his country, ever burning to serve her in all ways, he solicited a place as volunteer aid to the commanding General. His eager request was granted. Commodore Perry acted in the same capacity on that memorable day. He was thus associated in a station and in duty with that renowned naval officer, who, not content with putting Lake Erie in a blaze of glory, by his victory over the British fleet, desired to strike at the foes of his country on both elements. And need we other proof that Cass was to be found where the shot flew thickest? So, literally, it was. He galloped on in time to be in that impetuous charge, led by Col. James Johnson, which so completely routed Proctor and the British Regulars, while Col. R. M. Johnson routed and slaughtered the Indians. General Harrison's report of the victory, puts Cass and Perry in the same class of merit; and none, surely, could ever be higher. Other military services he rendered while temporarily in command on the Northwestern frontier after this great victory, and also while he was Governor of Michigan—services, which I pass over the details of, though they were sometimes of critical importance and always of value.

Would all this go for nothing in the campaign of '44? If it would, our own experience, and that of the human race, go for nothing. But the point is not to be reasoned. It is settled. It would be waste of words to reason it. If we assume to be pure philosophers on this subject, we must keep to our closets. The moment we step into the world, its universal voice is against us. Above all, we must keep away from the polls. Without recalling the thousand and one instances from history in which military fame has, in all ages and countries, been chiefly looked up to, let us remember that the only *contested* elections for our *Presidency* which ever resulted in bearing the successful candidate into office as on the top of a rolling, roaring wave, were in the cases of the *two Generals*, Jackson and Harrison. The one attested how Democrats love this kind of glory. The other, that Whigs love it more, as they were equally moved by a less portion of it. The two instances taken together, attest, as by revelation itself, the aggregate feeling of the whole country when roused by the excitements of a military name. With all the transcendent merit, all the towering statesmanship, all the acknowledged supremacy of Mr. Jefferson, in merely political life, and immortal author of the Declaration of Independence as he was in addition to it all, his majority over the elder Adams was as nothing to General Jackson's over the younger, or to General Harrison's over Mr. Van Buren. These are facts, incontestible and unalterable. What are we to make of them all? Turn away from them, shut our eyes upon them, say they are nothing; that human nature is going to change in '44 for Mr. Van Buren, that he is strong enough to reverse all history, all our own experience, even human nature itself, and run better than General Cass would? We should have little right to be so sanguine, even if Mr. Van Buren were the equal of Mr. Jefferson himself, instead of belonging to a class of men obviously inferior to the one in which that illustrious statesman and sage ever stood, and stood at its head.

Although General Cass's career in arms does not match the extraordinary splendor of Jackson's, and was less extended than General Harrison's, there is full enough of merit and victory in it to lay a just basis of military

popularity. There are beautiful and brilliant streaks in it, and it was to this part of his life among other things, that I had allusion in expressing the belief, in my third letter, that we could beat the Whigs with him better than with any other candidate. Let us remember, that the occasion is no ordinary one, but extremely critical. Against the formidable money power which the Whigs will assuredly bring into the field in 1844, through supplies furnished without stint by foreign bankers, and given out from their own pockets, we should surely find it useful, when the tug comes, to have the counteracting force of this strong military feeling. Surely, it would operate as an additional stay to our cause. It is in itself a power. When resting on patriotic and pure foundations, as in General Cass's case, and I am not impeaching the purity, but only asserting the *verity* of its foundations in the other two cases, it is a laudable power. At all events it is a power. It can beat the money power when nothing else can. Its root is not sordid, at least; nor is it found alone, or chiefly, in uneducated or unenlightened nations or classes. Why, Messrs. Editors, in England, with all their prodigious amount of civilization, and knowledge, and refinement, how many monuments, of the numerous ones voted by the House of Commons in honor of public services, do you suppose, are for *civil* services? ONLY TWO, in the long track of time!* while you cannot stroll into St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, without danger of running against the marble statues, reared to those who have fought battles for England on land or sea, so thick do they every where stand.

Let us not slight this universal feeling. Change it, we cannot. It is irreversible. Strong in all ages and countries, it has been found especially and irresistibly strong in our country. Let us, by taking up General Cass, give our cause the benefit of it; for well has he proved himself the gallant and noble-minded soldier, not less than the eminent statesman. Let us not, while we have this double resource in him, rest content on the mere merit of the Democratic principle, saying we can do without any other resource, on this peculiar and menacing occasion, after all that has happened in 1840. I have aimed at showing the too probable error of such thoughts. Many a cause, let the sentiment be repeated from its vital importance to us, has fallen a sacrifice to the flattering whispers of an unwise confidence, ever too ready to mislead, and but the more ready when the cause is good. Let us not endanger ours in the least. Let us not throw it into any risk. Let us omit nothing that may help it; and if General Cass will run best, on the double ground of civil AND military merit, let us not throw away that double chance in our favor. He will be likely to run the better also by relative exemption from something of partisan violence operating against him, the accidental and fortunate effect of his few years' absence; still more fortunate, in that he was enabled, during that absence, to be the instrument of incalculable good to his country.

Yes, in arresting the ratification of the Quintuple Treaty, he rescued his country from *searsh*, and all its high-handed evils, apparent and hidden—thus rendering her incalculable good—as I trust I have shown. Against *impressment*, he was the first to use his sword victoriously, in a war undertaken to avenge it—vanquishing the enemies of his country, who had perpetrated that outrage upon us—as he lately vanquished with his pen a distinguished Secretary of State, who fell fast asleep, and permitted all his sensibilities to grow cold over the same outrage. And now,

* I think but two, but have not the document at hand at this moment showing it. The disproportion is overwhelming at any rate.

here is another question—the Oregon—one of portentous omen. It is to be feared that this is to be our next cause of war with England, or greatest difficulty to settle. If so, who better for us in the Presidency than General Cass? Always prudent, always circumspect in council, as brave in conduct—he is, on this subject, known to be decided, well informed and inflexible—for aïl of us must have seen his stirring and admirable letter to the “Oregon general committee of Ohio.” This question, I need scarcely add, is rapidly assuming intense interest—doubly so, perhaps, from the determination believed to be now at last taken by England, or from England, to have a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Let us, then, nominate this highly gifted citizen, whose name is connected with his country’s renown in both hemispheres, and, under every rational anticipation, our cause will be crowned with full and triumphant success. Then, will the principles of Democratic truth in Government and public administration, necessary to the prosperity of our own times, and which we hold in trust for after times, be saved from destruction—then, will the Whigs be rebuked for abusing the sacred revolutionary name they have usurped—then, will the public mischiefs, and private woes, bound up with their false doctrines, be prevented—then, instead of ruinous systems of finance, and stock-bubble speculations, under the *indefinite* Whig phrase, “a sound national currency,” intended to be kept indefinite until they can perhaps, spring another Bank upon us, to rise from the ashes of their defunct favorite in Philadelphia, we shall have the honest currency of the Constitution, as established by General Washington’s law of ’89, and a wise and *safe* credit system be the result. Then will the Constitution be saved from disruption in one of its fairest parts—the veto power; which Washington, the noblest of all Revolutionary Whigs, approved, but which Whigs of our day condemn—after the principles of the wildest Jacobins of revolutionary France. Then will oppressive and prohibitory ‘Tariffs’ cease. Then, will the public domain be saved; not wasted, as when the boy in the fable would have killed the goose to get all the golden eggs at once. In short, then, will maxims of good sense and honesty, of late years so deplorably lost sight of in our country, in its enormous business transactions at home and abroad, and now indispensable to the restoration of public and social rectitude throughout our land, as well as to the restoration of our character abroad and solid prosperity at home, prevail over the missionary schemes of our Whig politicians, who out-Herod Herod in the abuses of the English paper system; and who, after all, are the representatives in this age, with only slight diminutions in error and folly, of the John Laws of a former age. That the nomination of General Cass by the Democratic National Convention, will prove the most certain means of saving us from this train of impending evils, and securing to us, in their stead, as full a share of public blessings and private prosperity, as we could reasonably desire or expect, is, Messrs. Editors, my sincere belief.

These discussions are now closing. I entered upon them in the anxious hope of doing good, not by what I should say myself, but through the possible effect they might have in drawing others into similar trains of thought and discussion, better able to do justice to the whole subject.

A VOICE FROM A FRIEND.

August, 1842.

THE END.

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ELEGANT HOLIDAY PRESENT

that can be found during the coming season. The following notices of this work have already appeared in the papers, though no previous announcement has been made by the publishers, not wishing to advertise it until its progress was such as to authorize us to promise its speedy appearance:

"MR. MAYER'S WORK ON MEXICO.—Our townsman, Brantz Mayer, Esq., who resigned his appointment as Secretary of Legation to Mexico, in April last, has since then been engaged in preparing a work on that country, which, we believe will comprise very full details of its social condition, antiquities, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. The book, we learn, will be published about the middle of November in New York, and be illustrated with more than one hundred and fifty engravings. In all probability, it will be among the most tasteful works ever published in our country, and cannot fail, we are confident, justly to attract the attention of our citizens."—[Baltimore Patriot.]

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LETTER XV.

REVOLUTION. WAX-FIGURES. VISIT TO THE MUSEUM. ANTIQUITIES.

It was just after the conclusion of the Revolution of 1841, which resulted in placing General Santa Anna at the head of the Government, that I arrived in the city of Mexico, and found the marks of the struggle that took place on that memorable occasion, yet visible in the streets. For a month the city had been in a state of siege; General Bustamante, the Constitutional President, occupying the National Palace, and holding possession of portions of the town with his troops, while General Valencia controlled the citadel, from which he cannonaded and threw shells into the city. During all this time the work of slaughter went on; but the chief injury was inflicted on harmless non-combatants, who happened at times to pass exposed places, or to cross streets which were raked by the artillery. Numbers of poor laborers, and laborers' wives, bringing them food, were thus destroyed; and during the whole of the period I remained in the Capital, the scars and indentations made by the balls and bullets in the walls of the *Calle Refugio*, were never repaired. From the tops of houses, too, death was dealt by the insurgents. Screening themselves behind the parapet walls of azotéas, and frequently in church-towers, they shot down, indiscriminately, all who passed, and made the sureness of aim a matter of boast and joke. In the Revolution or *émeute* of the previous year, General Valencia had thus well nigh fallen victim to some reckless marksman. As he passed along one of the streets, at the head of his troops—at a moment, too, when no attack was meditated—a solitary rifleman sent a ball from a steeple through his *chapeau*. The General keeps the hat as a sort of military trophy.

Upon the azotéa of the house occupied by the Prussian Chargé d'Affaires, a man was slain early one morning, by a shot from the azotéa of the opposite convent of the Profesa; yet, so incessant was the firing, that the family was prevented from coming to his succor or removing the body for several hours.

Thus did that fearful struggle degenerate into murder within the city walls, while the horrors of civil war were enhanced by a bombardment and cannonade from the citadel, under a commander who, until within a few days, had enjoyed the highest confidence of the Constitutional Government.

It is sincerely to be hoped, that the lesson taught at this epoch has disgusted the nation with these bloody turmoils. There appears among the

people a general desire for peace; and the wise, just, and thoughtful of all parties, can surely agree upon some plan to satisfy the common interests, to quell the inordinate passions of military chieftains, and, in fine, to terminate for ever these dreadful scenes. In treating hereafter of the political condition of Mexico, I shall have occasion to refer again to this subject, and shall then do so more fully.

These ideas struck me as I went for the first time to the University, and saw even the front of that edifice, which should naturally be sacred to learning and peace, pierced with cannon balls and bullets. The walls only, I believe, were injured. Indeed, from the appearance of the houses throughout the city, I am inclined to think that the Mexicans were either exceedingly bad marksmen, or, that they aimed high (if they aimed at all,) to prevent carnage. The plaster and stones, and the poor non-combatants were evidently the greatest sufferers, while the soldiers seem to have had an amiable compassion for each other!

* * * * *

The UNIVERSITY is a fine old monastic building, erected around a courtyard of large dimensions, in the centre of which is now placed the colossal bronze statue of Charles IV., cast in the city of Mexico by Tolsa, a Mexican artist. This really beautiful work formerly stood in the great square fronting the Cathedral, where its huge mass was more in proportion to the surrounding space and objects.



STATUE OF CHARLES IV.

The statue is Equestrian. The monarch is represented in Roman costume, his brow bound with a wreath of laurel, and in the act of curbing his horse with his left hand, while his right extends a truncheon. An antique sword rests on his thigh, and an imperial robe flows in easy folds from his shoulders covering the haunches of the horse, who is moving forward, and trampling on a quiver of arrows. The face of Charles was not remarkable for dignity or command, so that, in order to preserve the resemblance, the artist has been obliged to throw all the *power* of his work into the figure. But the result has been a statue of great majesty, and worthy of the most judicious praise. Although the model of the horse is certainly good, and the dimensions well preserved in the colossal size, yet it is quite evident that the artist had only the Mexican animal in his mind's eye when he moulded his masterpiece. The chief defects, as well as I was able to judge in its present unfavorable position, were disproportions in the neck and haunches; the former being entirely too thick and large, while the latter are too heavy and small, both for the legs of the animal and the figure they support. The drapery of the sovereign, the saddle-cloth, sword, bridle, a Medusa head on the martingale, and all the accessories, are admirably finished in the highest style of art. One of the most severe and tasteful critics who ever saw it, compares this work of the native Mexican with the famous statue of Marcus Aurelius at Rome, which has so frequently been the theme of praise by the most learned sculptors of the Old World.

Indeed, the art of imitating nature in statuary, is a talent perhaps nowhere more common than in Mexico. I do not mean by this, that fine sculpture is common there; but I know of few places where there is more talent to produce it.

The moment a stranger arrives in Mexico he is besieged by a host of *wax-figure* makers, with small statues of the costumes and trades of the country. These, it is true, are cast in moulds, but the talent is not the less remarkable. They are admirably executed. Dress, feature, demeanor, action, are all caught and faithfully depicted to the very life, and no collection can be more worthily adorned than by a series of these figures. You can obtain them of any size, or any subject; and although the materials are frail, they may be safely transported from the Capital to the coast. If these *statuettes* are wonderful, their makers are not less so. You would be astonished to see the artist, who produces a gem of a figure which in Europe would command a couple of doubloons. A little room up two pairs of rickety stairs, just large enough to turn in, where his wife cooks and sleeps with two or three children in one corner; while he, with his lump of wax and his portable furnace, stands working, moulding and dressing his figures in another. Such is the *at  lier*, while the man himself, is scarcely distinguishable from the commonest *l  peros*.



The two figures in the left-hand corner are Cortez and Doña Marina, as the mottoes above indicate. Marina holds a rosary in her hand, while the Marquis appears to be in the act of speaking and perhaps giving order for the execution represented beneath, where a Spaniard is seen in the act of loosening a blood-hound, who springs at the throat of an Indian. In the original copy all the colors are given. The hair of the victim is erect with horror, his eyes and mouth are distended, and his throat is spotted with blood, as the fangs and claws of the ferocious beast are driven through his flesh.

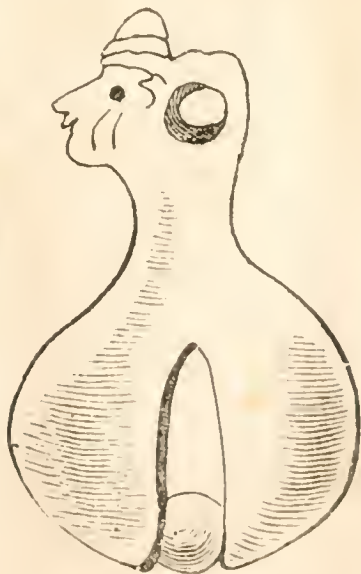
Apily placed just below this curious picture is another of the last of the Kings of Tezcoco, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter; and beneath that again, on a stand, in the midst of a number of hideous idols carved in stone, are two Funeral Vases of baked clay, found some years since at St. Jago Tlaltelolco, the northern suburb of the city.

This is really one of the most beautiful relics in the Museum, and is very accurately represented on the opposite page. It was discovered about nine feet below the surface of the ground ; the upper portion of it was filled with skulls, while the lower contained fragments of the rest of the human frame. There appears to have been no bottom to the vase, but it was covered with the circular top delineated in the engraving. The whole vessel is one foot ten inches high, by one foot three and a half inches in diameter.

This vase, besides being remarkable for the ornaments in relief upon it, presents all the colors with which it was originally painted, in high preservation and brilliancy. Immediately below the rim is a *winged head*, with an Indian dress of plumes. The eyes are wide and fixed, and the mouth is partly opened, displaying the teeth. The handles are oddly shaped, and depending from the tips of the wings is a collar formed of alternate ears of corn and sunflowers. The colors of the body of this vase are a bright azure ; the upper rim is a brilliant crimson, and the next a light-pink. The head and the ends of the wings, with the stripe in the middle, are painted a light-brown. The circular ornament in the centre is crimson, and the figures on it yellow. The sunflowers are also yellow, while the two outer ears of corn are red, and the centre one blue. The band below these is brown, similar to the head and wings.

The head on this vase is very remarkable in its expression. There is a fixed, intense, stony stare in the eyes, and a pinched sharpness about the mouth, which denote its character. It was evidently the idea of an Angel of death, while the full blown sunflower, and the ripe and stripped ears of corn, denote the fullness of years.

In one of the cases are a series of interesting objects, of which the following designs will give the reader some idea.



This is a rattle, made of baked clay, finely tempered, containing a small ball, the size of a pea.

The next figures are specimens of "household gods;" some of the originals of which are now in my possession.

Like the ancient Romans, the Mexicans had their Penates, called by them Tepitoton. The sovereigns, and great lords always had six of them in their dwellings; the nobles four, and the common people two; and it is related by Clavigero, that these gods were to be found everywhere in their streets.



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